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The Gleaner.

"I am but a gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff." WOTTON.

THE SKETCH BOOK

OF

Geoffrey Crayon, Gent.

No. XVI.

Never before published in this country.

THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW.

[FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF THE LATE DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER.]

A pleasing land of drowsy head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer sky.
Castle of Indolence.

In the bosom of one of the spacious coves which indent the eastern shore of the Hudson, at that broad expansion of the river denominated by the ancient Dutch navigators the Tappaan Zee, and where they always prudently shortened sail, and implored the protection of St. Nicholas when they crossed, there lies a small market town or rural port, which by some is called Greensburgh, but which is more universally and properly known by the name of Tarry Town. This name was given it, we are told, in former days, by the good housewives of the adjacent country, from the inveterate propensity of their husbands to linger about the village tavern on market days. Be that as it may, I do not vouch for the fact, but merely advert to it, for the sake of being precise and authentic. Not far from this village, perhaps about three miles, there is a little valley, or rather lap of land among high hills, which is one of the quietest places in the whole world. A small brook glides through it, with just murmur enough to lull you to repose, and the occasional whistle of a quail, or tapping of a woodpecker, is almost the only sound that ever breaks in upon the uniform tranquillity.

I recollect that when a stripling, my first exploit in squirrel shooting was in a grove of tall walnut trees that shades one side of the valley. I had wandered into at noon time, when all nature is peculiarly quiet, and was startled by the roar of my own gun, as it broke the sabbath stillness around, and was prolonged and reverberated by the angry echoes. If ever I should wish for a retreat, whither I might steal from the world and its distractions, and dream quietly away the remnant of a troubled life, I know of none more promising than this little valley.

From the listless repose of the place, and the peculiar character of its inhabitants, who are descendants from the original Dutch settlers, this sequestered glen has long been known by the name of SLEEPY HOLLOW, and its rustic lads are called the Sleepy Hollow Boys throughout all the neighbouring country. A drowsy, dreamy influence seems to hang over the land, and pervade the very atmosphere. Some say that the place was bewitched by a high German doctor during the early days of the settlement; others, that an old Indian chief, the prophet or wizard of his tribe, held his powwows there before the country was discovered by Master Hendrick Hudson. Certain it is, the place still continues under the sway of some witching power, that holds a spell over the minds of the good people, causing them to walk in a continual reverie. They are given to all kinds of marvelous beliefs; have trances and visions, and see strange sights, and hear music and voices in the air. The whole neighbourhood abounds with local tales, haunted spots, and twilight superstitions; stars shoot and meteors glare oftener across the valley than in any other part of the country, and the night-mare, with her whole nine fold, seems to make it the favourite scene of her gambols.

The dominant spirit, however, that haunts this enchanted region, and seems to be commander of all the powers of the air, is the apparition of a figure on horseback, without a head. It is said by some to be the ghost of a Hessian trooper, whose head had been carried away by a cannon-ball, in some nameless battle during the revolutionary war, and who is ever and anon seen by various of the country people, hurrying along in the gloom, as if on the wings of the wind. His haunts are not confined to the valley, but extend at times to the adjacent roads, and especially to the vicinity of a church that is at no great distance. Indeed, certain of the most authentic historians of those parts, who have been careful in collecting and collating the floating facts concerning this spectre, allege, that the body of the trooper having been buried in the church-yard, the ghost rides forth to the scene of battle in nightly quest of his head, and the rushing speed with which he sometimes passes along the hollow, like a midnight blast, is owing to his being belated, and in a hurry to get back to the church-yard before day-break.

Such is the general purport of this legendary superstition, which has furnished materials for many a wild story in that region of shadows; and the spectre is known, at all the country fire-sides, by the name of The Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow.

It is remarkable, that the visionary turn I have mentioned is not confined to the native inhabitants of the valley, but is imperceptibly acquired by every one who resides there for a time. However wide awake they may have been before they entered that sleepy region, they are sure, in a little time, to imbibe the witching influence of the air, and begin to grow imaginative—to dream dreams, and see apparitions.

I mention this peaceful spot with all possible laud; for it is in such little Dutch valleys, found here and there embosomed in the great state of New-York, that populations, manners, and customs, remained fixed, while the great torrent of emigration and improvement, which is making such incessant changes in other parts of this restless country, sweeps by them unobserved. They are like those little nooks of still water, which border a rapid stream, where we may see the straw and bubble riding quietly at anchor, or slowly revolving in their mimic harbour, undisturbed by the rushing of the passing current. Though many years have elapsed since I trod the drowsy shades of Sleepy Hollow, yet I question whether I should not still find the same trees and the same families vegetating in its sheltered bosom.

In this by-place of nature there abode, in a remote period of American history, that is to say, some thirty years since, a worthy wight of the name of Ichabod Crane, who sojourned, or, as he expressed it, "tarried," in Sleepy Hollow, for the purpose of instructing the children of the vicinity. He was a native of Connecticut, a state which supplies the Union with pioneers for the mind as well as the forest, and sends forth yearly its legions of frontier woodmen and country schoolmasters. The cognomen of Crane was not inapplicable to his person. He was tall, but extremely lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small, and flat at top, with huge ears, large green glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose, that it might have been mistaken for a weathercock perched upon his spindle neck, to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for the genius of famine descending upon the earth, or some scarecrow eloped from a cornfield.

His school-house was a low building of one large room, rudely constructed of logs; the windows partly glazed, and partly patched with leaves of old copy books. It was most ingeniously secured at vacant hours, by a withe twisted in the handle of the door, and stakes set against the window shutters; so that though a thief might get in with perfect ease, he would find some embarrassment in getting out; an idea most probably borrowed by the architect, Yost Van Houten, from the mystery of an eelpot. The school-house stood in rather a lonely but a pleasant situation, just at the foot of a woody hill, with a brook running close by, and a formidable birch tree growing at one end of it. From hence the low murmur of his pupil's voices, conning over their lessons, might be heard of a drowsy summer's day, like the hum of a bee-hive; interrupted now and then by the authoritative voice of the master, giving menace or command, or, peradventure, the appalling sound of the birch, as he urged some tardy loiterer along the flowery path of knowledge. Truth to say, he was a conscientious man, that ever bore in mind the golden maxim, "spare the rod and spoil the child."—Ichabod Crane's scholars certainly were not spoiled.

I would not have it imagined, however, that he was one of those cruel potentates of the school, who joy in the smart of their subjects: on the contrary, he administered justice with discrimination rather than severity; taking the burthen off the backs of the weak, and laying it on those of the strong. Your mere puny stripling, that winced at the least flourish of the rod, was passed by with indulgence; but the claims of justice were satisfied, by giving a double portion to some little, tough, wrong-headed, broad-skirted Dutch urchin, who sulked and swelled and grew dogged and sullen beneath the birch. All this he called "doing his duty by their parents;" and he never inflicted a chastisement without following it by the assurance, so consolatory to the smarting urchin, that he would remember it and thank him for it the longest day he had to live.

When school hours were over, he was even the companion and playmate of his larger boys; and would convoy some of the smaller ones home of a holiday, who happened to have pretty sisters, or good housewives for mothers, noted for the comforts of the cupboard. Indeed, it behooved him to keep on good terms with his pupils. The revenue arising from his school was small, and would have been scarcely sufficient to furnish him with daily bread, for he was a huge feeder, and though lank, had the dilating powers of an Anaconda; but to help out his maintenance, he was, according to country custom in those parts, boarded and lodged at the houses of the farmers, whose children he instructed. With these he lived alternately a week at a time, thus going the rounds of the neighbourhood, with all his worldly effects tied up in a cotton handkerchief.

That all this might not be too onerous on the purses of his rustic patrons, who are apt to consider the costs of schooling a grievous burthen, and schoolmasters mere drones, he had various ways of rendering himself both useful and agreeable. He assisted the farmers occasionally in the light labours of their farms, helped to make hay, mended the fences, took the horses to water, drove the cows from pasture, and cut wood for the winter fire. He laid aside, too, all the dominant dignity and absolute sway, with which he lorded it in his little empire, the school, and became wonderfully gentle and ingratiating. He found favour in the eyes of the mothers, by petting the children, particularly the youngest, and like the lion bold, which whilome so magnanimously the lamb did hold, he would sit with a child on one knee, and rock a cradle with his foot, for whole hours together.

In addition to his other vocations, he was the singing-master of the neighbourhood, and picked up many bright shillings by instructing the young folks in psalmody. It was a matter of no little vanity to him on Sundays, to take his station in front of the church gallery, with a band of chosen singers; where, in his own mind, he completely carried away the palm from the parson. Certain it is, his voice resounded far above all the rest of the congregation, and there are peculiar quavers still to be heard half-a-mile off, quite to the opposite side of the mill-pond, of a still Sunday morning, which are said to be legitimately descended from the nose of Ichabod Crane. Thus, by diverse little make shifts, in that ingenious way which is commonly denominated "by hook and by crook," the worthy pedagogue got on tolerably enough, and was thought, by all those who understood nothing of the labour of headwork, to have a wonderful easy life of it.

The schoolmaster is generally a man of some importance in the female circle of a rural neighbourhood, being considered a kind of idle, gentleman-like personage, of vastly superior taste and accomplishments to the rough country swains, and, indeed,

inferior in learning only to the parson. His appearance, therefore, is apt to occasion some little stir at the tea-table of a farm-house, and the addition of a supernumerary dish of cakes or sweetmeats, or, peradventure, the parade of a silver tea-pot. Our man of letters, therefore, was peculiarly happy in the smiles of all the country damsels. How he would figure among them in the church-yard, between services on Sundays; gathering grapes for them from the wild vines that overrun the surrounding trees; reciting for them all the epitaphs on the tomb-stones, or sauntering, with a whole bevy of them, along the banks of the adjacent mill-pond; while the more bashful country bumpkins hung sheepishly back, envying his superior elegance and address.

From his half itinerant life, also, he was a kind of traveling gazette, carrying the whole budget of a local gossip from house to house; so that his appearance was always greeted with satisfaction. He was, moreover, esteemed by the women as a man of great erudition, for he had read several books quite through, and was a perfect master of Cotton Mather's History of New-England Witchcraft, in which, by the way, he most firmly and potently believed.

He was, in fact, an odd mixture of small shrewdness and simple credulity. His appetite for the marvelous, and his powers of digesting it were equally extraordinary; and both had been increased by his residence in this spell-bound region. No tale was too gross or monstrous for his capacious swallow. It was often his delight, after his school was dismissed of an afternoon, to stretch himself on the rich bed of clover, bordering the little brook that whimpered past his school-house, and there con over old Mather's direful tales, until the gathering dusk of evening made the printed page a mere mist before his eyes. Then, as he wended his way, by swamp and stream and awful woodland, to the farm-house where he happened to be quartered, every sound of nature, at that witching hour, fluttered his excited imagination: the moan of the whip-poor-will from the hill-side; the boding cry of the tree-toad, that harbinger of storm; the dreary hooting of the screech-owl; or the sudden rustling in the thicket, of birds frightened from their roost. The fire-flies, too, which sparkled most vividly in the darkest places, now and then startled him, as one of uncommon brightness would stream across his path; and if, by chance, a huge blockhead of a beetle came winging his blundering flight against him, the poor varlet was ready to give up the ghost, with the idea that he was struck with a witch's token. His only resource on such occasions, either to drown thought, or drive away evil spirits, was to sing psalm tunes;—and the good people of Sleepy Hollow, as they sat by their doors of an evening, were often filled with awe, at hearing his nasal melody, "in linked sweetness long drawn out," floating from the distant hill, or along the dusky road.

Another of his sources of fearful pleasure was, to pass long winter evenings with the old Dutch wives, as they sat spinning by the fire, with a row of apples roasting and sputtering along the hearth, and listen to their marvelous tales of ghosts and goblins, and haunted fields and haunted brooks, and haunted bridges and haunted houses, and particularly of the headless horseman, or galloping Hessian of the Hollow, as they sometimes called him. He would delight them equally by his anecdotes of witchcraft, and of the direful omens and portentous sights and sounds in the air, which prevailed in the earlier times of Connecticut; and would frighten them wofully with speculations upon comets and shooting stars, and with the alarming fact that the world did absolutely turn round, and that they were half the time topsy-turvy!

(To be concluded in our next.)

Scientific Notices.

☞ **In looking over a recent publication, we met with the following Lecture of Dr. MEYLER, lately delivered by him at the RUSSEL INSTITUTION, in presence of His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, the Lord Mayor, and several eminent literary and philosophical characters.**

As an eloquent specimen of this species of composition, we conceive that our readers will be much gratified with its perusal.

I am indebted to the governors of this Institution for the privilege of delivering here a course of lectures on the philosophy of Chemistry, and for the permission of associating my limited efforts with their more enlarged views for the diffusion of chemical science. In undertaking to explain in familiar language, and to illustrate by appropriate experiments, a system of such great extent and importance, I am not insensible of the hazard attending the duty which I have imposed on myself. To divest the crucible and the retort of their gloom, and their dulness, to disentangle the intricacies of opposing systems; to substitute simplicity for complication, and to open an avenue at once broad and bright, to the temple of chemical science, are enterprises, difficult I know, but meritorious, I trust.

Encouragements also are not wanting, and those, too, happily of the most animating nature, to the individual who undertakes in this great metropolis, any scientific exertion. Public patronage is every day more actively extended to all useful efforts, and the wish is become more general, to call into *beneficial* activity the intellectual waste of the country.

At no period in the annals of Great Britain—at no period, perhaps, in the history of any nation, has the public mind been so universally informed as at the present moment; and certainly at no period was there so general a co-operation of enlightened men, to give that knowledge a still greater diffusion.—The multiplication of literary establishments—of libraries—of readers; the different academies, societies, and institutions; the various plans for improving the arts; the numerous projects for cultivating the sciences—all evince with what rapid strides the public are advancing to intellectual eminence.

While the knowledge and the pursuits of the other nations of Europe are influenced by the caprice of a few rulers, it is the exalted privilege of the British people, to mould their own character, and to form their own destinies. Science does not flourish or fade here at the breath of imperial favour; your institutions do not rise or fall at the command of the ruling powers: they are permanent temples, erected to science by the co-operation of enlightened but private individuals. These are the establishments which evince a nation's refinement; these are the associations which promote the cultivation of the people. They afford an honourable field for intellectual exertion; they concentrate and they reflect the rays of knowledge; they animate the country with the enthusiasm of learning, and circulate through it the riches of other times and other nations; they open the productive mine of its own intellectual treasures; and they adorn it with all those arts and sciences, which embellish and dignify a nation. Like the oak of the country, they constitute its finest ornament in times of peace, and its best bulwark in periods of peril.

A nation that does not mainly depend on itself for improvement, can never attain any high station of security, or of intellectual eminence: and any reflected light by which it may seek to shine, will be too cold and dim to give it animation or intelligence. But a nation that cultivates its own mind, secures within itself a perpetual spring of improvement.—Its fire cannot be quenched; its light cannot be extinguished. It must, however, be THE GREAT LIGHT OF THE PEOPLE, and not the partial and fitful taper of fashion, of rank, or of power; which, although it might, for a time, be fanned into a meteoric glare, could never be expected to produce a pure, and bright, and lasting flame.

If we review the history of society; if we trace the rise and progress of nations, the high and luminous elevation of one, the rapid and deep decline of another, we shall find science the great moving principle of the power, the refinement, and the glory of a people;—we shall witness the exemplification of the axiom of Lord Bacon, "*that knowledge is power*,"—that nations become great as they become enlightened—that their career of glory advances along with their march of improvement—and, that the circle which bounds man's intellectual horizon, becomes the only limit to his powers.

The man, no matter how low he may have graduated in the scale of society, who has rendered more productive the bounties of Providence—who has discovered more efficient means of preventing distress, or of removing disease—who has enlarged the circle of useful knowledge—who has improved the institutions of society, has thereby erected the noblest and most permanent monument to his fame. Those achievements commonly deemed most splendid, fade before his glory, for there is no alloy to tarnish the lustre of his deeds, and there are no limits to the operation of his benevolence. Every nation, every age participates of his industry, and every individual may reap the fruit of his knowledge; age does not freeze—death itself does not dry up the current of his beneficence. For, when like Elijah, he ascends to heaven, like him also he leaves his mantle upon the earth. It is characters like these which may be truly said to adorn and to dignify human nature, they give worth to history, and delight to recollection, and become the splendid luminaries of the world: to manifest the progress of improvement, and to mark and to illumine the dark stages of unexisting time.

The character and the destinies of nations are influenced not by mere physical, but by moral causes. The people are the sole architects of their own character; it is not situation, it is not climate—they remain the same; the people alone change. Genius is not the fruit of any peculiar soil, nor is it matured to perfection by any partial temperature; it is not created, nor even regulated by degrees of longitude and latitude. It is the *master* and not the *slave* of material nature;—it erects in a desert the temple of the sciences and the arts; without its agency, the most fertile regions teem only with an unproductive or noxious exuberance.

Let us for instance review this country: when Greece was the celebrated seat of science and of liberty—England was then unknown; when Rome was mistress of the world—England contained, certainly a brave and hardy, but an unenlightened and barbarous people, the dupe of every artifice, the prey of every invader, the victim of every outrage. What a change now presents itself in her enlightened and orderly population,—her finely regulated frame of society—her well organized system of government—her steady and independent mind—her high station of security; every sea evincing the power of her navy; every nation testifying to the valour of her army; every soil tributary to her commerce; her ships freighted with the riches of both worlds. The favourite abode of liberty; the chosen seat of all the arts by which a nation is embellished; of all the sciences by which she is enlightened and protected: distinguished alike by philosophers and by poets; by statesmen and by orators: the sword of power in one hand, the torch of science in the other: protecting nations by her strength; enlightening the world by her wisdom: breaking, for ever, I hope, the degrading chains that held the Christian in bondage: destroying the traffic that doomed the African to servitude; and blessing the Indian with the pure and holy light of the divine revelation.

While Greece now exhibits the wretched stagnation of intellect—"the waveless calm of the mind,"—her laurels withered—her glories obscured—her rights overturned—despoiled even of the very remnants of her arts; the cradle of the *freeman* has become the tomb of the *slave*.

It rests solely with the operation of moral causes, whether some traveller may not hereafter wander in solitude, even where we now in crowds throng to the busy scene of life, and viewing the mouldering ruins of former splendour, exclaim with an eloquent writer, "Here stood a flourishing city, this was once the seat of a powerful empire."

Among the various means which have been employed for the general diffusion of knowledge, public lectures may perhaps be considered as the most efficient: sanctioned as they have been by the adoption of almost every age and every nation. They relieve the tedium of private study; they excite the attention of the general student; they abridge his labours, and they facilitate his researches. But the benefits to be derived from lectures do not rest here. When delivered by those enabled to aspire to something beyond a dry and uninteresting recitation of common-place and elementary principles, they move in a more extended, and in a more exalted sphere of utility. They make science popular; they bring it down from heights accessible only to the scholar; they strip it of the stiff and cumbrous garb in which pedantry would disguise it. To render science more generally attractive, they clothe and ornament it with the finer embellishments of literature, and deliver its precepts in a new language, where grace is united with precision; and the result of this propitious union is an elevation in public pursuit, and a refinement in public opinion.

Indeed, at a period not very remote from the present, the temple of science appeared only through the sombre vista of an austere philosophy; it was supposed to harmonize only with retired and gloomy seclusion; its worshipers were almost identified with a harsh severity of manners, and an unsocial and sullen retirement of habit. The accomplishments of polished society were supposed to detract from the grave dignity of the scientific, and hence the approach of a great proportion of the world, who have perhaps the greatest dominion upon its general conduct, was effectually repelled. They were alienated from its cause, and in a great degree rendered adverse to its character. It has not only been the happy boast of modern times to have dissipated this error, but to have incorporated the language of science with the habits, the pursuits, and the conversation, even of fashionable life.

It is not only in the more successful cultivation of the natural sciences, but in the more extensive diffusion of knowledge, that the glory of the ancients fades away before that of the present times. The true spirit of philosophical inquiry, so admirably unfolded by the illustrious Bacon, was unknown to the ancient philosophers; they had not learned to interrogate nature by experiments, those examplars of her works, and personifications of her laws; they had not even the practical instruments of science: with them, conjecture stood in the place of experiment, and fancy usurped the station of truth. The knowledge even which they acquired, they did not communicate to the people, who presented an intellectual darkness, broken, but not enlightened by occasional corruscations of knowledge. The press was not in existence to diffuse, to perpetuate thought; and civilization remained stationary, even while science advanced.

The ancient philosophers were avaricious of their acquirements. Although they were ardent in the pursuit, and frequently not unsuccessful in the attainment of knowledge, they buried the treasures which they found. They collected and concentrated the rays of knowledge, but the lights which they collected they did not disperse. Like Hercules, they laboured; like Jason, they explored, but like Argus, they watched and defended the golden lore from all attempts at general participation. The truths of science, regarded by them as the mysteries of philosophy, were hoarded in the cells of the recluse, and locked up in a language which few could understand.

Instead of enlightening the paths of science, they covered them with clouds; and although, through the mists in which they enveloped themselves, they appeared as giants, the people that surrounded them were less than men.

It has been our more fortunate lot to live in a period when man's intellectual rights are more respected, and his faculties more generally cultivated. The labour of the learned is not now confined to the narrow objects of individual gratification; to excite the amazement of the ignorant; or swell the vanity of the pedant. It is not now applied to purposes of personal pride, but general utility; not to obscure, but to elucidate; not to confound, but to explain; not to embarrass, but to simplify the grand and satisfactory truths of an useful, intelligible, and practical philosophy.

The philosophy of the ancients excluded knowledge from man; the folly of some few of the moderns would have excluded it from woman. Amidst the entire circle of prejudices, perhaps none has been more obstinate or more injurious than that mischievous sophism that would have degraded woman from her due rank in the scale of creation; that would have reduced the partner of our cares, and the mistress of our pleasures, to the mere domestic animal: her face a picture, and her mind a blank. Although some would thus have sought to degrade the female, this surely is not the station to which the Creator ordained her. Gifted by him in a degree equal to our own; endowed equally with those passions which excite our pride; divested of those passions which too often excite our shame; unagitated by the bustle of active life; uninfluenced by the turmoil of public ambition; temperate, discreet, and retired in their habits, with more true fortitude, more patience, more leisure, more calmness, equal industry, and more enthusiasm. Possessed of such faculties, dispositions, and opportunities, man must resist the intention of Providence, when he would impede woman in her progress to instruction, or exclude from her mind the lights of science.

The female who has enjoyed the opportunities of the more elevated branches of information, and can thus appreciate their importance, will be naturally anxious, when she advances to the dignity of a mother, to cultivate the intellect of her child. The exquisite refinement and solicitude of maternal perception, peculiarly enables her to adapt her instructions to the tender, yet susceptible years of early life; while habits of thought thus early imprinted, will increase with increasing years.

"——— to rear the tender thought—
To teach the young idea how to shoot—
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind—
To breathe th' enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast."

Among the many subjects of research, which have engaged the attention of this enlightened period, chemistry may be allowed to assume the first station; it forms so universal, and indeed so indispensible a branch of education, that it might be almost considered a reproach, not to have attained some knowledge, at least, of its general principles. It is true that the various occupations of life, the different habits of mind, preclude many from profound investigation; yet there is scarcely any individual who has not some leisure for study; and there can hardly be any mind so imperfectly constructed, as not to feel some curiosity about those material agents that surround us, and that would not derive pleasure from a science which so happily illustrates these laws, by which the Creator has governed the universe.

Chemistry may be defined a science which investigates the composition of all the bodies in nature, and ascertains the phenomena which result from the intimate combinations of the minute particles of matter.

From this definition, it may be conceived how wide is the range of inquiry, and how extensive the course of information which this science presents and comprehends.

The solid matter which forms the substance of our globe; the fluids which press on it; the aërial bodies that surround it; the agencies of heat, light, electricity and galvanism; the phenomena of vegetable and animal life; the wonderful transformations of nature; the conversion of inanimate into animate matter; of life again into death, form almost exclusively subjects of chemical inquiry.

A science, offering such an ample field for investigation, and bounded in its researches only by the limits of the material world, evidently claims an intimate connexion with all the other branches of knowledge that study the laws and investigate the phenomena of the universe.

Accordingly, we find it intimately attached to some—guiding and enlightening others—furnishing instruments of inquiry to many; and extending, brightening, and embellishing the prospect of them all.

The peculiar nature of chemistry will be best illustrated by exhibiting it in connection with the other sciences, and by presenting a review of the several departments of natural knowledge.

Natural philosophy, in its extended signification, investigates all the phenomena of the material world. These, however, are so numerous and so varied, that their study would be endless, without some contrivance to facilitate the task. Many of the phenomena of nature are attended by a crowd of unessential circumstances; by comparing these events with each other—by ascertaining their different details—by discovering those circumstances which are *alone* essential, and by successive abstractions, we ultimately acquire the knowledge of the few simple laws, by which the economy of the universe is sustained and directed.

Mechanical philosophy, chemistry, and natural history, form the three comprehensive sciences which illustrate all the phenomena of the material world.

All the phenomena of the universe may be divided into two classes: they may be considered in reference either to their sensible or insensible motions. Mechanical philosophy investigates the former—chemistry explains the latter; and under one or other

of these two sciences may be classed every change and every event, where motion is concerned, we apply to mechanical philosophy: in those minute changes which alter the nature of bodies, chemistry is our only instructor.

Mechanical philosophy investigates the laws which regulate the sensible motions of bodies—chemistry ascertains the insensible motions of bodies, as well as their nature and composition. The mechanical philosopher examines bodies in reference to their figure, hardness, or cohesion; or as they are presented to him in various states of motion. The chemist carries his researches to a much greater extent. He looks into the more intimate structure of bodies, and by unfolding their interual constitution, becomes enabled to recombine them in proportions, different from those in which nature has united them, and to form an immense variety of new and useful compounds which the unassisted agency of nature does not produce.

The mechanical philosopher explains, by the principles of his science, the dimensions and the distance of the sun—its uses in the planetary system—the transmission from it of heat and light—its agency in producing the changes of the seasons, and the annual and diurnal revolutions of the earth. The chemist traces the effects of the heat and light derived from the sun by these revolutions, and their influence on the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms—the absorption and evolution of heat—the consequent evaporation of water, or its deposition in the form of dew, rain, or snow—the various laws by which heat is regulated—by which the extremes of climate and the transition of the seasons are moderated—by which the rigid uniformity of mere mechanical laws is usefully modified; and the temperature, over the surface of the earth, preserved within a more equal and limited range.

The mechanical philosopher considers the atmosphere merely as a fluid mass, possessed of elasticity and weight, or as it opposes or communicates motion to bodies.

The chemist subjects the atmosphere to his experiments, to discover its nature and composition; and, instead of regarding it as a simple substance, he finds it composed of different materials, which produce dissimilar effects on bodies; and, while he traces their combinations, he discovers their agency in exciting combustion, in promoting vegetation, and in supporting animal life.

Water, in a system of mechanical philosophy, has been considered an element, and regarded only so far as it influences bodies by its impulse or its gravity. In a system of chemistry, its numerous combinations are investigated—its elements are ascertained, and the action of these elements is traced in some of the most important operations of nature, and in many hitherto seeming mysteries of her economy.

Natural history comprehends the knowledge of all phenomena, the materials and the beings of the universe. Chemistry and mechanical philosophy investigate the causes of the phenomena; it belongs to the province of natural history to describe and to arrange them. Description, arrangement, and reference, constitute the whole of the employment of the mere naturalist; for when he leaves the simple recital of facts and reasons on their appearances, he passes the boundaries of natural history, and enters on those of philosophy.

The object of the natural historian in exploring the vast domain of the universe, is to ascertain the beings it contains—to mark the distinctive characters peculiar to each, and by which they may be most easily distinguished; and notwithstanding their apparent diversities, to discover the links that unite the various bodies that people and adorn the universe.

Natural objects however, are so numerous and so diversified in their structure, economy, and appearance, that the labour of forming a mere catalogue would be immeuse, and even when accomplished would present only a confused and uninteresting assemblage. Both to facilitate his arrangement, and to obtain a more systematic degree of information, the naturalist investigates the mutual relations of bodies—ascertains their obvious characters, and thence classes under distinct heads those bodies, which, externally considered, bear a resemblance. With these views, he first distributes the whole empire of nature into three great and comprehensive kingdoms: the animal, the vegetable, and the mineral; each of these kingdoms are again subdivided into subordinate classes.

The natural history of the mineral kingdom, when unaided by chemistry, is imperfect in its arrangements, and very limited in its views. The inorganic parts of creation, frequently, under almost perfect similitude of appearance, differ essentially in their nature and composition; while bodies precisely of the same nature and composition, present themselves under extreme diversities of appearance. The mere naturalist, in his classification of the minerals according to their external character is directed only by minute and ill-defined shades of colour, or varieties of figure, hardness, or cohesion. Were it even otherwise, the mere classification of minerals, however perfect, could hardly elevate mineralogy to the rank of a science. It is chemistry which invests the classification of minerals with a higher and more important character. To the uncertain arrangements of the naturalist, it adds the less erring evidence of their composition; but it imparts also a more exalted interest, and more extended views to the pursuits of the mineralogist. By revealing to him the nature of those various bodies which proclaim the former revolutions of the earth, it has enabled him to solve many interesting problems about the past, the present, and the future state of our globe. It has guided his speculations concerning its changes, its stability, and its ultimate condition; and has thrown light upon futurity, and almost penetrated to the origin of nature.

The naturalist, in his arrangements of the animal and vegetable departments of creation, derives little benefit from the researches of the chemist. Plants and animals, while they evince little variety in their chemical composition, exhibit the utmost diversity in their external characters, and afford accurate and well defined marks of distinction for the classification of the natural historian.

But the botanist and zoologist derive their most valuable information from the chemist. It is chemistry alone which reveals the mysteries of animal and vegetable life—the growth—the nutrition, and the decay of organized beings; their life, their death, and their decomposition. The perpetual succession of nature's mysterious changes, which diffuse fertility even over the grave, and make death itself propagate to life and to succession.

Thus it appears by what intimate ties chemistry and natural history are united, and how one is illustrated and embellished by the other. Natural history presents us with an extensive catalogue of the riches of nature. Chemistry develops those laws which have influenced their production. The chemist who is not a naturalist, must reason frequently from conjecture about objects he does not know; while the mere naturalist, unassisted by chemical science, exerts only his memory; which, at best, presents him with a barren and uninteresting inventory.

The science of medicine, which has concentrated on itself the lights of every department of natural knowledge, and which has explored every region of nature for remedies to remove the ailments that afflict humanity, derives from chemistry most of the materials for its practical application, and much of the knowledge for its speculative deductions. By analyzing the fluids and solids of the animal body, in health, as well as in the various stages of disease; in numberless instances, it directs the applications of medicines, which, without this light, cannot be judiciously or even safely administered. This science not only discovers and prepares for the physician his most efficient remedies, it enables him also to explore the profound mysteries of animal life. The nature of digestion—the conversion of food into blood—the changes which this fluid undergoes in its course through the body—the phenomena and uses of respiration—the generation of animal heat;—these and a variety of other functions are elucidated almost exclusively by chemistry. But, this science not only teaches us to remove;—it enables us also to prevent disease;—it ascertains the relative salubrity of different climates;—it analyzes the air which we breathe, the properties of the various food we consume, and ascertains the fitness of each for the several forms of disease, the varieties of constitution, and the different periods of life.

It is unnecessary to trace farther the connection of chemistry with the other sciences; for, between the sciences themselves, it is impossible to draw the exact line of distinction. The object of all is to explore the phenomena of nature; and though man, to facilitate his inquiries, has classed under different denominations, what appear to his limited view distinct classes of phenomena; nature, in her arrangements, is not limited by these artificial divisions. All the sciences form only different links of the one great chain which unites and supports them all; they all derive their origin from the same source, and their principles are regulated by the same uniform and undeviating natural laws. As knowledge increases, branches of science hitherto distinct, become identified; and general principles acquire a more philosophical and comprehensive extent. Were our knowledge perfect, all the sciences would be comprehended in one.

In exploring the laws of nature, we should avail ourselves of every branch of natural knowledge; our facts will then be connected by more comprehensive relations, and our views will be more elevated and extended, and thus raised above the low and cloudy medium that gave to objects false and indefinite appearances; our observations will be rewarded with the pure and steady light of truth.

But chemistry claims our attention, not merely as affording subjects of speculation for the philosopher;—it is the great benefactor of man. It not only brings us acquainted with nature, but it enables us to subject her to the purposes of life—to vie with her in the formation of her most valuable productions—to produce substances which nature herself never forms: while it also directs and illustrates all these arts which constitute the riches—the ornament as well as the glory of a nation.

Almost every art may be considered as a chemical operation. It is through chemistry that the agriculturist is principally enabled to avail himself of the great resources of nature. The composition of soils, their relative fitness for the different purposes of culture—the nature of air and water—the influence of heat and light—the knowledge of all these is most essential to the agriculturist, and we can only look for essential improvements in this first branch of industry from those, who, to local and practical experience, add the more rare qualification of scientific acquirements.

The extraction of metals from their ores—the multiplied ends to which they are afterwards applied—the fabrication of the various colours we employ—the manufacture of glass, of pottery, of porcelain—the processes of bleaching and dyeing—the whole economy of the vintage—the art of the brewer and the distiller—the various preparations of animal and vegetable food, all come within the direction of this important science. "Before," says the accomplished Chaptal, "chemistry had reduced to general principles the numerous operations of industry, the arts and manufactures were the property of certain nations, and the inheritance of a few individuals; the most impenetrable secrecy covered every process with the veil of mystery, forms and practices were transmitted as an inheritance from one generation to another."

We may add that chemistry has dissipated the mist in which the selfishness of individuals would envelope the arts; it has rendered them the common property of all: it has improved old—it has created new arts; it has increased their utility, promoted their perfection, and introduced, and for ever fixed them in those nations that cultivate the sciences which enlighten and direct them. Chemistry may be considered the sun, around which the arts revolve, which excites them to motion, and impresses on them that pure and steady light, without which mere experience can do little.

Science is the soul of the arts, the arts are the organs of science, they realize her discoveries, embody her views, and become the statues animated by the Promethean fire which science has brought down from Heaven.

The benefits to be derived from the cultivation of chemistry, are not limited to enlightening the processes, or to extending the dominion of the arts. The information which it imparts, affords to a well regulated mind the most refined sources of enjoyment, by revealing those sublime operations which direct and perpetuate the economy of the universe.

Few circumstances take place in the phenomena of nature, in which the chemist may not discover the illustration of the principles of his science. Events, which habit leads many to regard with indifference, become to him objects of interesting speculation. Every soil, every fossil, every substance which the untutored peasant treads upon unheeded, becomes to the chemist a productive subject of research. No object, no phenomena, can be indifferent to him, because all come within the range of his pursuit. And Nature, no less beautiful in her minute details, than sublime in the conception and developement of her general laws, appears to unfold the whole of her magnificence only to the eyes of the chemical philosopher.

He finds every where subjects of research and amusement, and thousands of objects are perpetually courting his inquiries, and soliciting his regards. The city and the country; the seasons and the elements; every thing that breathes; every thing that vegetates; that which is born as well as that which perishes; all, in short, that surround him, the minute not less than the grand, speak a language almost exclusively addressed to him, and all teach him some useful, some sublime, and some important truth.

Nature thus considered, affords a field of speculation, well fitted for man's intellectual powers, where truths of the utmost importance to the welfare of society are to be found; where an inexhaustible source of amusement is presented to the mind, to cheer the weariness of life, and render interesting those objects that break and diversify its tedious uniformity, and where that true philosophy is to be found, which connects earth with heaven, and elevates rational man to the precincts of pure intelligence.

In contemplating the works of creation, the mind is led to that great Being who formed and directed all. In following the footsteps of the Creator through the immense regions of his empire; in tracing the laws by which he controls and regulates the universe;—we learn to appreciate the profound wisdom, and the unbounded power of God.

Nature, thus considered, ceases to be an object of cold and barren speculation: the study of her productions and her phenomena is no longer confined to the enlightening of the understanding; they, become the interpreters of the works of God. Investigating, with these views, the utility, the extent and the perfection of the laws of nature, we adore nature's Lord. Religion succeeds to philosophy, and we quench our thirst of knowledge in the sacred fountain of the eternal truth.

TABLE OF THE SWIFTNESS OF THE WIND.

(From Mr. Smeaton's Papers.)

WIND	MILES PER HOUR.	FT.	SEC.
Hardly perceptible	1	1	47
Just perceptible	2	2	93
Ditto	3	4	40
Gentle pleasant	4	5	87
Ditto	5	7	33
Pleasant brisk gale	10	14	67
Ditto	15	22	0
Very brisk	20	29	34
Ditto	25	36	67
High winds	30	44	1
Ditto	35	51	34
Very high	40	58	68
Ditto	45	66	1
Storm tempest	50	73	35
Great storm	60	88	2
Hurricane	80	117	36
Ditto, that tears up trees, destroys buildings, &c.	100	146	70

HOT SPRINGS.

At Langervatn I saw the first hot spouting springs, from eight different places arise, the steam of these hot springs, which lost itself high in the air. Water was spouting from all these springs, one in particular threw into the air a column from eighteen to twenty-four feet high, and from six to eight feet diameter, the water was extremely hot. A piece of mutton and some salmon trouts, as likewise a ptarmegan, were almost boiled to pieces in six minutes, and tasted excellently. At Reikum, another spout of the same sort, the water of which rose to sixty or seventy feet some years ago, but a fall of earth having almost covered the opening, it now spouted only between fifty-four to sixty feet sideways. We found here many petrified leaves, and likewise some native sulphur, of which the water was strongly impregnated. At Goyser, not far from Skallholl, one of the episcopal sees in Iceland, a most extraordinary large fountain is to be seen. Within the circumference of half a mile, are forty or fifty boiling springs together, which I believe spring from one and the same reservoir. The water spouts from some continually, from others at intervals. The aperture through which the largest arose, was nineteen feet diameter, and by our observations with a quadrant, was ninety-two feet high; stones, which were thrown in, came up again with the spouting water. The Icelanders think this the mouth of hell, and as they pass by this place, they generally spit into it, or as they say, into the devil's mouth. —*Doctor Van Troil's Letters.*

Mr Tucker, a gentleman who lately left Limerick for New York, has obtained a patent there, for sweeping the streets by machinery. He is to perform the work of forty men, with two horses, to draw the machinery up one side of the street and down the other; which is not only to sweep, but to collect the dirt in heaps, ready to carry away.

GREAT ECLIPSE.

The Astronomers are occupied in calculating the eclipse of the Sun, which will take place on the 7th of September next. This eclipse will be visible over an extent of more than four millions of square leagues, a surface nearly equal to a sixth part of the earth, and resembling a kind of oval of about 7,500 leagues in circumference, comprising all Europe, the western parts of Asia, all Africa as far as to Monomopota, and a part of North America.—The eclipse will last three hours. It will be the greatest of all those which happened in this part of Europe ever since the year 1764, and, indeed, of all those that will again happen here before the year 1847. Like the two eclipses here alluded to, it will be annular; that is, the disc of the moon will not wholly cover the disc of the sun, but in certain parts of the earth the sun will show the appearance of an annulus, or ring, round the body of the moon, the position and magnitude of which will depend on the situation of the spectator. In no part of England will this annular appearance be observed; it will be seen, however, in the Shetland Islands. On the Continent, in any part of that track of the country which extends nearly in a straight line from the north of Westphalia to the south of Italy, the inhabitants will have an opportunity of beholding this singular phenomenon.

CLIMATE OF THE NORTH OF ENGLAND.

Mr. Dalton has published a series of observations made at Manchester during twenty-five years ending in 1818, with the barometer, thermometer, and rain gage. The house where the instruments are fixed is about 180 feet above the level of the sea.

The mean height of the barometer for the whole twenty-five years is 29.85 inches; the mean of the lowest year is 29.61; of the highest 29.99.

The heights for March, April, May, June, July, August and September, are at or above the annual mean; those for the other five months below it. The greatest mean height, 29.95, is in June; the least, 29.78, in November. Observations made at Liverpool, and by the Royal Society at London, show very nearly the same relations between the different months. This increase in the weight of the atmosphere during the summer months, he attributes to the greater mass of aqueous vapour then floating in the air.

The observations with the thermometer are taken three times a day; at 8 A. M. and 1 and 11 P. M. The mean for the whole twenty-five years is 47.7, which he considers rather below the truth. Springs give the mean heat about 49°. The lowest annual mean is 44.6 (1799.) The highest is 49.7 (1818.) The mean for the lowest month, January, is 35.8; that of the two highest months, July and August, each 59.4. The months below the annual mean are January, February, March, April, November, and December: the other six months are above it.

The observations with the rain gage have been continued seventeen years, ending in 1818. The mean annual fall of rain for the whole period is 33.86 inches. The first six months of the year are the driest, and the last six the wettest. The quantity of rain that falls from January to June, at Manchester, is, to that which falls from July to December, as 17 to 25. The driest month is April (mean 19.15) and the wettest is October (mean 3.734) inches.)

He gives the following as the mean annual fall of rain at different places for various periods; that of Manchester is for thirty three-years.

	Inches.		Inches.
Manchester	36.14	Dumfries	36.91
Liverpool	34.11	Glasgow	21 33
Chatsworth	27.66	London	20.68
Lancaster	39.71	Paris	18.64
Kendal	53.94	Viviers	33.9

On an average of the whole of these places, March is the driest month, and October thewettest; but this does not hold true of every place separately.—*Annals of Philosophy.*

A Mr. Lefebvre has invented a pack of cards which contains the elements of botany. He has followed a system of his own, which he has developed in several discourses laid before the Institute. He places all the flowers in the world in four classes. Polypedales, Monopedales, Perigones, and compound flowers. These supply the place of the four suits, diamonds, clubs, spades, and hearts. The other divisions are likewise the same as at cards, viz. twelve madators or figures; and the plain cards from ace to ten. The latter are expressed by the stamina of the flowers; and Linnæus's 12 last classes supply the place of king, queen, and knave, on each of the four principal divisions. These cards are called, "Boston de Flore."

RUSSIAN EXPEDITION TO THE FROZEN OCEAN.

Lieutenant Lasarew, of the Imperial Navy, who made a voyage, last year, into the Frozen Ocean, with the brig Nowaja Semlja, has just published an account of his expedition. The brig was fitted out at Archangel. The crew consisting of fifty persons, including the Commander Lasarew, two Lieutenants, a Midshipman, a Surgeon, Pilot, &c. The brig sailed from Archangel, June 9, O. S. The plan was to go first to Waygatz Straits, and then to sail round Nova Zembla, and take a survey of the coast. After incredible difficulties, with which they had to contend, owing to the immense accumulation of ice, they at length reached the entrance of Waygatz Straits, on the 27th of July; but were unable to enter it, on account of the ice. The coast was frequently seen from the vessel; but it was so blocked up with solid ice that it was impossible to go on shore. The continued fogs and the cold proved injurious to the health of the crew. The navigators did not discover any sign of vegetation: the country was covered with snow. It seems indeed that there is a greater accumulation of ice in that part of the sea than there formerly was; for the Russian hunters do not go to Nova Zembla, but rather to the more remote Spitzbergen, to chase the white bear, &c. After the brig had reached 72. 2. N. latitude, and 50. 8. E. longitude (from Greenwich), and had surveyed some points of the coast, the season for navigating those seas being passed, she returned to Archangel. In sailing in different directions, between the ice, the brig reached 73. 26. N. latitude, in longitude 48. 54. E. from Greenwich, on the 9th of August. The thermometer of Reaumur fell on that day from half a degree above, to two and a half degrees below zero. Three of the crew died during the voyage; and on their return to Archangel, on the 4th September, O. S. there were only six of the sailors able to do the duty of the ship, so that the officers were obliged to perform the duty of sailors.

It has recently been discovered, that furze of one year's growth, cut small, by hand or by means of a machine, is an admirable substitute for hay. In some districts, during the whole of last winter, dairy cows were fed with it alone, and the quality of the milk was by this food much improved.

Poetry.

☞ The following beautiful little poem is the production of Mr. Bernard Barton, one of the Society of Friends. It is copied from a volume of Poems by that Gentleman, lately published; but it has already found its way into more than one periodical publication. For a fine lesson (says the *Literary Gazette*) told in an easy and affecting manner, it deserves to be transplanted into books framed for the instruction of youth:—

THE IVY.

Dost thou not love, in the season of spring,
To twine thee a flowery wreath,
And to see the beautiful birch-tree fling
Its shade on the grass beneath?
Its glossy leaf and its silvery stem;
Oh! dost thou not love to look on them?

And dost thou not love, when leaves are greenest,
And summer has just begun,
When in the silence of moonlight thou leanest,
Where glistening waters run,
To see, by that gentle and peaceful beam,
The willow bend down to the sparkling stream?

And oh! in a lovely autumnal day,
When leaves are changing before thee,
Do not nature's charms, as they slowly decay,
Spread their own mild influence o'er thee?
And has thou not felt, as thou stood'st to gaze,
The touching lesson such scene displays?

It should be thus, at an age like thine;
And it had been thus with me;
When the freshness of feeling and heart were mine,
As they never more can be:
Yet think not I ask thee to pity my lot,
Perhaps I see beauty where thou dost not.

Hast thou seen, in winter's stormiest day,
The trunk of a blighted oak,
Not dead, but sinking in slow decay,
Beneath time's resistless stroke,
Round which a luxuriant ivy had grown,
And wreath'd it with verdure no longer its own?

Perchance thou hast seen this sight, and then,
As I, at thy years might do,
Pass carlessly by, nor turned again
That scathed wreck to view:
But now I can draw from that mould'ring tree,
Thoughts which are soothing and dear to me.

O smile not! nor think it a worthless thing,
If it be with instruction fraught;
That which will closest and longest cling,
Is alone worth a serious thought!
Should aught be lovely which thus can shed
Grace on the dying, and leaves not the dead?

Now, in thy youth, beseech of HIM
Who giveth, upbraiding not,
That his light in thy heart become not dim,
And his love be unforgot;
And thy God, in the darkest of days, will be
Greenness, and beauty, and strength to thee!

THE PROGNOSTICATOR.

American Wit.

A farmer once with many a comfort blest,
Honest and plain—his plough too always going
Still wanting something more to crown the rest,
Took to himself a wife, active and knowing.
Their days they pass'd with harmony full fraught,
And nothing knew of matrimonial strife,
Save from a cant phrase that his dear had caught,
Which prov'd the torment of the poor man's life.
To cut the matter short, a curious power
She boasted of, foretelling each event:
And did it rain—she knew there'd be a shower;
If sinners turn'd—she knew that they'd repent.
Whene'er the good man vex'd, would say my dear,
Old Hodge's hogs the corn-field have been plundering,
Or that the cows had ate the clover bare,
"I told you so," she'd cry, "why are you wond'ring."
When freshets rose, and swept a fence or gate
If barns blew down, or cattle went astray,
Or Gaffer bow'd beneath the stroke of fate,
"I told you so," his loving spouse would say.
One day to prove her wond'rous foresight more,
He hit upon a plan somewhat uncouth:
He ran into his house and stoutly swore,
The hogs had ate the grindstone up smack smooth
Up starts his rib, so ominous to prove it,
And gazing in his agitated face,
Cries out—"I told you so, then why not move it,
I knew it stood in an improper place."

A MAN OF WIT.

A——, they say, has wit; for what?
For writing?—No; for writing not?

Miscellanies.

CURIOUS FACULTY IN THE DISCOVERY OF WATER BY THE DIVINING ROD.

The subjoined account occurs in a note under a very entertaining dissertation on the popular Mythology of the Middle Ages, in the Quarterly Review. The faculty alluded to is not confined to Lady N. It has been possessed by other persons in this country.

"The employment of the divining rod, when used to discover *ore* or *metal*, was associated with many superstitious observances. The *fact*, however, of the discovery of water being effected by it when held in the hands of certain persons, seems indubitable. The following narrative, which has been lately communicated to us by a friend residing in Norfolk, puts the subject in the clearest point of view. And we shall simply state that the parties, whose names are well known to many of our readers, are utterly incapable either of deceiving others, or being deceived themselves.

"'January 21, 1818.—It is just fifty years since Lady N.'s attention was first called to this subject; she was then sixteen years old, and was on a visit with her family at a chateau in Provence, the owner of which wanted to find a spring to supply his house, and for that purpose had sent for a peasant, who could do so with a twig. The English party ridiculed the idea, but still agreed to accompany the man, who, after walking some way, pronounced that he had arrived at the object of his search, and they accordingly dug and found him correct. He was quite an uneducated man, and could give no account of the faculty in him or of the means which he employed; but many others, he said, could do the same.

"'The English party now tried for themselves, but all in vain, till it came to the turn of Lady N. when, to her amazement and alarm, she found that the same faculty was in her as in the peasant, and on her return to England she often exerted it, though in studious concealment. She was afraid lest she should be ridiculed, or should, perhaps, get the name of a witch, and in either case she thought she could certainly never get a husband.

"'Of late years her scruples began to wear away, and when Doctor Hutton published Ozanam's researches in 1803, where the effect of the divining rod is treated as absurd (vol. iv. p. 260-7) she wrote a long letter to him signed X. Y. Z. stating the facts which she knew. The Doctor answered it, begging further information; Lady N. wrote again, and he, in his second letter, requested the name of his correspondent; that Lady N. also gave.

"'A few years afterwards she went, at Doctor Hutton's particular request, to see him at Woolwich, and she then showed him the experiment, and discovered a spring in a field which he had lately bought near the New College, then building. This same field he has since sold to the College, and for a large price in consequence of the spring.

"'Lady N. this morning showed the experiment to Lord G. Mr. S. and me, in the park at W. She took a thin forked hazel twig, about 16 inches long, and held it by the end, the joint pointing downwards. When she came to a place where water was under the ground, the twig immediately bent, and the motion was more or less rapid as she approached or withdrew from the spring. When just over it, *the twig turned so quick as to snap, breaking near her fingers*, which by pressing it were indented, and heated, and almost blistered; a degree of agitation was also visible in her face. When she first made the experiment, she says this agitation was great, and to this hour she cannot wholly divest herself of it, though it gradually decreases. She repeated the trial several times in different parts of the park, and her statements were always accurate. Among those persons in England who have the same faculty, she says she never knew it so strong in any as in Sir C. H. and Miss F. It is extraordinary that no effect is produced at a well or ditch, or where earth does not interpose between the twig and the water. The exercise of the faculty is independent of any volition.'

"So far our narrator, in whom, we repeat, the most implicit confidence may be placed.—The faculty so inherent in certain persons is evidently the same with that of the Spanish *Zahories*, though the latter do not employ the hazel twig."—*Bath Paper.*

The following advertisement on this strange subject, from a Mr. Partridge, we copy from the last number of the *Bath Gazette*:

"*Springs of Water Discovered by the Divining Rod.*

"The Subscriber possesses the rare faculty of discovering concealed Watercourses, and has never failed in any instance. He can follow the branch of a spring to its fountain-head, and from thence can trace all its ramifications. He has felt reluctant in making his talent known since his return to England, and would probably have concealed it entirely, had it not been lately sanctioned from a quarter too respectable to admit of ridicule.

"Any person wishing to have water discovered on their land, may attain that object at a very moderate expense, by employing the Subscriber."

SPECTRES.

[*From Pliny's Letters.*]

TO SURA.

The present recess from business affords you leisure to communicate, and me to receive, information. I am very sorry to know your opinion concerning spectres; whether you believe they have a real existence, and are a sort of divinities, or are only the visionary impressions of a terrified imagination? What particularly inclines me to give credit to their reality, is a story* which I lately heard of Curtius Rufus. When he was in low circumstances, and unknown in the world, he attended the governor of Africa into that province. One evening, as he was walking in the public portico, he was extremely surprised with the apparition of a woman, whose figure and beauty were more than human. She told him she was the tutelar power who presided over Africa, and was come to inform him of the future events of his life: that he should go back to Rome, where he should be raised to the highest honours: should return to that province invested with the proconsular dignity, and there should die. Accordingly, every circumstance of this prediction was actually accomplished. It is said, farther, that, upon his arrival at Carthage, as he was coming out of the ship, the same figure accosted him upon the shore. It is certain, at least, that being seized with a fit of illness, though there were no symptoms in this case that led his attendants to despair, he instantly gave up all hope of recovery; judging, it should seem, of the truth of the future part of the prophecy, by that which had already been fulfilled, and of the misfortune which threatened him, by the success which he had experienced. To this story let me add another, not less remarkable than the former, but attended with more terrifying circumstances; and I will give it you exactly as it was related to me. There was at Athens† a large and commodious house, which lay under the disrepute of being haunted. In the dead of the night a noise, resembling the clashing of iron, was frequently heard, which if you listened more attentively, sounded like the rattling of chains. At first it seemed distant, but approached nearer by degrees, till a spectre appeared in the form of an old man, extremely meagre and ghastly, with a long beard and dishevelled hair, rattling the chains on his feet and hands. The distressed inhabitants, in the mean while, passed their nights under the most dreadful terrors imaginable. This, as it broke their rest, ruined also their health, and brought on distempers, which, together with their constant horrors of mind, proved in the end fatal to their lives. Even in the day time, though the spirit did not then appear, yet the impression remained so strong upon their imaginations, that it still seemed before their eyes, and kept them in perpetual alarm. By these means the house was at last deserted, as being deemed absolutely uninhabitable; so that it was now entirely abandoned to the ghost. However, in hopes that some tenant might be found who was ignorant of this very alarming circumstance which attended it, a bill was put up, giving notice that it was either to be let or sold. It happened that Athenodorus, the philosopher, came to Athens at this time, and reading the bill, enquired the price.—The extraordinary cheapness raised his suspicion; nevertheless, when he heard the whole story, he was so far from being discouraged, that he was more strongly inclined to hire it; and, in short, actually did so. When it grew towards evening, he ordered a couch to be prepared for him in the fore part of the house, and after calling for a light, together with his pencil and tablets, he directed all his people to retire. But that his mind might not, for want of employment, be open to the vain terrors of imaginary noises and spirits, he applied himself to writing with the utmost attention. The first part of the night passed in usual silence, when at length the chains began to rattle: however, he neither lifted up his eyes, nor laid down his pencil, but diverted his observation by pursuing his studies with greater earnestness. The noise increased, and advanced nearer, till it seemed at the door, and at last in the chamber. He looked up and saw the ghost exactly in the manner it had been described to him: it stood before him, beckoning with the finger. Athenodorus made a sign with his hand, that it should wait a little, and threw his eyes again upon his papers; but the ghost still rattling his chains in his ears, he looked up and saw him beckoning as before. Upon this he immediately arose, and, with the light in his hand, followed it. The spectre slowly stalked along, as if encumbered with his chains, and turning into the area of the house, suddenly vanished. Athenodorus, being thus deserted, made a mark with some grass and leaves where the spirit left him. The next day, he gave information to the magistrates, and advised them to order that spot to be dug up. This was accordingly done, and the skeleton of a man in chains was there found; for, the body having lain a considerable time in the ground, was putrified, and had mouldered away from the fetters. The bones being collected together, were publicly buried; and thus, after the ghost was appeased by the proper ceremonies, the house was haunted no more. This story I believe upon the credit of others: what I am going to mention, I give you upon my own. I have a freedman named Marcus, who is by no means illiterate. One night, as he and his younger brother were lying together, he fancied he saw some person upon his bed: who took out a pair of scissars, and cut off the hair from the top part of his head: in the morning, it appeared the boy's hair was actually cut, and the clipping lay scattered about the floor. A short time after, an event of the like nature contributed to give credit to the former story. A young lad of my family was sleeping in his apartment with the rest of his companions, when two persons, clad in white, came in, as he says, through the windows, and cut off his hair as he lay; and having finished the operation, returned the same way they entered. The next morning it was found that this boy had been served just as the other, and with the very same circumstance of the hair spread about the room. Nothing remarkable, indeed, followed these events, unless that I escaped a prosecution, in which, if Domitian (during whose reign this happened) had lived some time longer, I should certainly have been involved. For, after the death of that emperor, articles of impeachment against me were found in his scrutoire, which had been exhibited by Carus. It may therefore be conjectured, since it is customary for persons under any public accusation to let their hair grow, this cutting off the hair of my servants was a sign I should escape the imminent danger that threatened me. Let me desire you then maturely to consider this question. The subject merits your examination; as, I trust, I am not myself altogether unworthy to participate of the abundance of your superior knowledge. And though you should, with your usual scepticism, balance between two opinons, yet I hope you will throw the weightier reasons on one side, lest, whilst I consult you in order to have my doubt settled, you shall dismiss me in the same suspense and indecision that occasioned you the present application. Farewell.

* This story is likewise related by Tacitus in the 11th book of his annals, chap. 21.

† Lucian ridicules a story pretty much resembling this, but lays the scene of it in Corinth. Vid. Lucian. Philopseud.

* Those who are unacquainted with the genius of the religion of ancient Rome, may be inclined to think meanly of our author's judgment, from this and the following story; but when it is remembered that the greatest characters which we meet with among that illustrious people, are all strongly marked with a vein of superstition, no particular charge of weak credulity can, with justice, be brought from thence against Pliny. The truth is, it was a national turn, and countenanced by the constitution of their government, insomuch that omens, even of the lowest kind, were considered previous to every step either of foreign or domestic concern; and the wisest and gravest of their historians, the judicious Livy not excepted, have given into accounts of this nature. Even a noble historian among our own countrymen has not scrupled to insert a relation of the same kind and credibility, in his history of the civil wars.

THE CORONATION.

It would no doubt be desirable to ministers to have the coronation in the *dog-days*, because it would occupy the attention of the public, and withdraw it from the proceedings in Parliament—but surely some consideration ought to be held for the lives of the persons who have active duties to perform in the solemnity. It would be almost as unadvised as the measure of sending young regiments to Jamaica in the hottest season of the year. The Lord Chamberlain and Lord Steward of the Household will not find it a bed of roses. On the coronation of their late Majesties, the ceremony lasted fifteen hours, including the banquet, and during all the time the youthful King had great fatigue to endure from the weight of the regalia, the crowd with which he was surrounded, and the heat of Westminster Hall lighted up with 3000 wax candles, the air perfumed with a hot dinner, and the breath of 6000 guests! There are now three times the number of nobility that existed at the commencement of his late Majesty's reign; and if the new multitudinous Order of Knights of the Bath, with those of St. Patrick and Guelph, are to assist, the Abbey and Hall will be found inadequate to their accommodation.

"*First Gent.*—God save you, Sir! where have you been *broiling?*

"*Third Gent.*—Among the crowd i' the Abbey, where a finger could not be wedg'd in more.

"*Second Gent.*—You saw the ceremony?

"*Third Gent.*—That I did.

"*First Gent.*—How was it?

"*Third Gent.*—Well worth the seeing."

Shakspeare's Hen. VIII. Act IV. Sc. I.

Immolation of Hindoo Widows.—It appears by official returns recently published in India, that no less than 1528 Suttees, or Hindoo widows, were burnt or buried alive with their deceased husbands, in the several zillahs and cities, in the six divisions of Bengal, &c. during the years of 1815, 1816, and 1817.

THE BEAUTIES OF Chess.

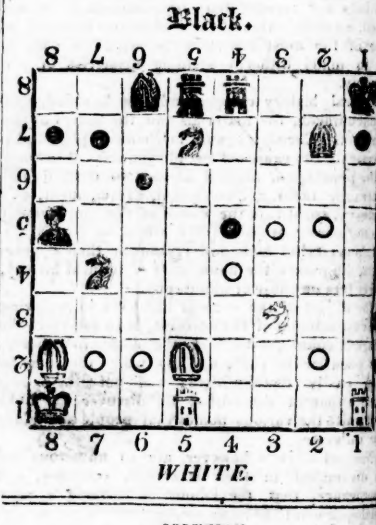
"*Ludimus effigiem belli.*".....VIDA.

GAME XLI.

The White to move, and win the Game in six Moves.

J. H. SARRATT.

Black.



WHITE.

SOLUTION.

WHITE.		BLACK.	
1 Castle	1—7+	1 King	1—
2 Pawn	2—6+	2 King	1—
3 Castle	1—1+	3 Bishop	1—
4 Castle	1—6+	4 King	2—
5 Castle	1—7+	5 King	3—
6 Bishop	1—6+ MATE.		

OR,

.....		5 King	3—
6 Bishop	2—5+ MATE.		

To Correspondents.

The series proposed by a A READER, will be peculiarly acceptable, if we may judge from the style of the writer.

POPULAR DELUSIONS.—The suggestion of INCERTUS LITAS chimes in with our own humour. We have long conceived the notion of collecting together, under the head HUMBUGIANA, a series of the various delusions which have been from time to time successfully played off upon the gullibility of the people; to which Perkinism, Joanna Southcottism, Animal Magnetism, Bletonism, and a hundred more *isms*. If ever we should attempt such a series, the Divining Rod selected for this day's publication, will form a part, together with some other papers we have prepared upon the subject of what we consider a rank superstition.

The friend who was at the trouble of transcribing "*White Canoe*," will find it inserted in the last Mercury, in preference to the Kaleidoscope, for reasons which it may not be necessary to particularize.

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